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The Olafpocalypse.



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Chapter 1 by Cat4055

9/11

I can hear them banging on the door, pounding on it. Trying to break in. I'm not sure if I'm the last human, or if the Olafs have not managed to kill all of us, yet. If any humans in the future managed to drive the Olafs back and kill them, this is how the whole thing started. When Frozen came out, Olafs were produced by the dozen. They were a very popular toy, but one day, it went wrong. All the Olafs started to produce a mind of their own. They only had one mission, kill their creators. Once their army was big enough, they attacked. By the thousands people fled their homes, cities were evacuated, stores put on lock down, but there was no escape. I am the only person left in the city. I boarded up my doors in a vain attempt to stop them. The last thing on TV was that they had taken over the factories. There is no hope to hold on to anymore.

Chapter 2 by bschoolers



But no! I hear the sound of military helicopters over my house! Have the Olafs taken over the army? I decide to open a window a crack and see what is going on. The soldiers are shooting at the Olafs! I'm not the last person alive! I look for my flashlight. After dumping out every bin

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Soaring up to the helicopter is crazy. I'm afraid to sneeze or make any movement that might cause the soldier to drop me. Once we're winched up into the helicopter, I'm too scared to move, and the other soldiers have to tickle me to make me let go of my savior's waist.

Chapter 3 by bschoolers



To say that I'm scared is an understatement. I'm sitting next to the pilot as the guy who is supposed to be sitting in my seat is hanging from the bottom of the copter in a harness playing shoot the killer snowman. When he runs out of ammo, his buddy takes his place in a similar harness. They are careful to shoot downward because of the five other helicopters with similar set ups. From this perspective, it looks like snowballs launched by unseen forces are trying to break down the houses. As the dead Olafs fall to ground, the ones still alive begin to retreat. We follow, shooting all the way.

Suddenly, several hundred Olafs simply disappear. They're gone. Where did they go? With no more targets, we're forced to land. The pilot chooses an open concrete lot in the factory district with good visibility for us to set down. All the soldiers are needed to fight, so there are none left to guard me. I have to go along on the mission. After a quick lesson on how to use the most idiot-proof gun they have, we head out on the hunt.

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

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